

New York Tribune.

First to Last the Truth: News, Editorials, Advertisements.

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Four Months of the Great War.

The fourth month of the European war ends to-day. It ends without a decisive success to the credit of either group of belligerents. Yet that lack of a decisive success must be regarded as the great outstanding feature of the war so far—the factor of most importance in forecasting its future developments.

On the whole the war has run pretty true to rational calculations. It has furnished no stunning surprises—no great military collapses like Sedan or Sadowa. It has upset many traditions of tactics and strategy. Yet the situation after four months of fighting is not very different from what an intelligent and unbiased critic would have expected it to be.

Germany was entitled to reap at the outset the benefits of her complete preparedness. The first month of the war was therefore a brilliant record of German victories. The Kaiser was enabled to mass seven big armies on the western front and to beat down all opposition. The French could not hold the Verdun-Belfort line of forts and at the same time go to the aid of the Belgians. General Joffre had to allow the Germans to overrun Belgium and a large section of Northeastern France before he was able to turn on them at the Marne and smash their plans for the isolation and investment of Paris.

The German campaign in the west reached its climax early in September. Since then it has waned, in spite of the lavish employment of vast masses of new troops in reckless assaults on the fortified lines of the Allies. The Allies have gradually recovered a large portion of Northeastern France, left bare at the time of the German dash toward Paris. Their forces stretch to the sea through Flanders, and on the northern front, after a month's bloody fighting, the Germans have practically abandoned their efforts to break through to Dunkirk and Calais.

Germany holds nearly all of Belgium and a considerable slice of territory in Northeastern France. That represents the fruit of her first victorious offensive. It is something, but few Germans will contend that it satisfies the high hopes or even the careful calculations with which Germany began the war.

On the eastern front the fighting of the last four months has emphasized the new-born efficiency of the Russian armies. Russian strategy has been keen and the forward push of the Czar's forces has been well sustained. Each slight recoil has been succeeded by a further advance. The Russians have now practically cleared Galicia from east to west. At Cracow they are now nearly two hundred miles further west than they were when they drove the Austrians out of Lemberg. If Cracow falls they will have reached their first important objective. A German retreat from Western Poland, leaving the way to Cracow clear on all sides, would mean the severing of direct connection between the German and the Austro-Hungarian armies. That break would widen as the Austro-Hungarians fell back beyond the Carpathians and the Germans retired on Breslau and Posen. It would end disastrously for the Teutonic allies the first phase of the war in the eastern theatre.

On both fronts, therefore, the German outlook is getting less and less hopeful. Russian efficiency has compelled a diversion of forces to the east which has broken the power of the German offensive in the west. That is the most disagreeable surprise of the war, so far as Germany is concerned. The next most disagreeable surprise has been the staying power of the French. France, with the aid of her gallant British allies, has made a defence which has extorted admiration even from German critics.

That splendid defence has more than restored the natural equilibrium of forces. For the Allies the crisis is past. In the stages of the war still to come they will have ample opportunity to call into play that superiority in resources on which in the long run victory must depend.

Drive Out the Outlaw Gangs!

Investigation of the Baff murder discloses the fact that rival factions in the poultry trade employed, one, the Hudson Duster gang, the other, the Gopher gang, for offensive and defensive operations against the enemy. Moreover, this appears to have been a matter of common knowledge, for violence was a "trade condition," and complaints were frequent at the District Attorney's office. Mr. De Ford, prosecutor, in charge of the inquiry, says all the trouble could have been prevented by proper policing.

The police can't conduct a crusade for honesty and decency in business methods, but they can conduct a campaign which will render it difficult and terrifyingly dangerous to bring gunmen into a "deal." Soon after Mr. Woods became Police Commissioner there was a sharp campaign of nightsticks against guns, which kept the gangs quiet for a time. That was good, but inconclusive.

sive. What the police did in a temporary fashion then should be done completely now.

The gangmen constitute one of the biggest of police problems. To have it constantly facing the department through murders for money, as it does, is to argue a sad failure on the part of the police system. The gangs and their members are known; their headquarters are known well enough so that policemen on post-can attribute crime to a given neighborhood to the particular gang which rules that vicinity. It cannot be possible that all the agencies of law and order must go down before these outlaws.

The War Taxes Begin To-day.

There is not much to bother the general public in a hurry in the new war taxes which take effect to-day. There is no tax on checks to require constant watching. Probably the item that will trip up most people is the tax on telegraph and telephone messages costing over 15 cents, which must be paid forthwith. Have your penny ready when you approach the slot machine in a hurry.

The annoyances of the new tax law may be less than those caused by the Spanish-American War emergency tax measure. But the public will scarcely pay with the same equanimity, since the necessity for the present imposts is far less clear. Conditions are much better now than they were when Congress rushed the new tax schedules through. Moreover, it could have dispensed with a large part of the emergency revenue which is to be raised if it had repressed its own tendencies to extravagance. Appropriations were inflated far beyond the scale in vogue under the Taft administration, and the public is now contributing not alone to make good war shrinkages but to cover the raids made on the Treasury by the Congressional "pork" hunters.

The Winter's Relief Problem.

It is unquestionable that this winter will find more families unable to pay rent, and so threatened with eviction, than has been the case in many years. The secretary of the United Hebrew Trades estimates that 500,000 persons are now out of work in this city. That may be too high a figure; nevertheless, charity workers and charitable organizations agree that the situation is unprecedented. All this, notwithstanding, does not seem to warrant the proposal to form a committee to solicit funds to be devoted exclusively to prevention of evictions in worthy cases. It is too likely that such a scheme as was proposed at Sunday's meeting of clergymen, judges and others interested in this problem would work more for the benefit of East Side landlords than of anybody else.

Before the winter is much older there will probably be a necessity for the formation of some kind of a central organization, or clearing house, to handle the whole matter of giving immediate relief to the destitute. If it is formed this body should handle evictions as one phase of its relief work. No chance should be taken this year, of all years, of scattering the public's contributions for the destitute or diverting them into work worthy enough but costly through amateur handling or a duplication of expenses necessarily incurred by some organized charity.

The Public's Agent in the Colorado Strike.

President Wilson's appointment of a commission to deal with the Colorado coal strike, in spite of the refusal of the mine operators to have anything to do with such a body, gives some hope for settlement of the trouble. Its personnel is admirable. Mr. Gilday is a well known and respected labor union man; Mr. Mills is himself a mine operator. Both of them have had much experience in adjusting labor difficulties. Mr. Low, who may be said to represent the general public in the apportioning of interests within the commission, commands respect for his attainments and liberal views, though he is by no means a revolutionary.

This commission has no specific powers. Nevertheless it will have much power as an agent of the public, since its investigations and reports must serve to feed public opinion and concentrate it on the mine situation. The mine workers have shown no fear of investigation by public agents; the mine owners, by refusing the President's proffered mediation terms, evinced a disposition not to submit their case to impartial publicity.

No matter how seriously the miners' interests and the mine owners' interests are affected by the prolonged strike, the public is also deeply concerned, to put it mildly; and it is the power of the public which eventually will bring to an end the intolerable state of affairs in Colorado. The mine owners may refuse to do business with the President's commission, if they like, but they will be biting off their noses to spite their faces. The commission exists and undoubtedly will do its best to acquire an accurate and impartial understanding of both sides of the case, as a basis for the adjustment of future troubles. If the mine owners will not present their side of the case to such a tribunal, the country at large will be bound to believe that they have not much of a case to present.

The Nameless Submarines.

If any one doubts the importance of a good, mouth-filling name, consider the lot of the English and German submarines. These vessels have done the most adventurous and the most important sea fighting of the war. Upon them is fixed the attention of the entire world. Yet because of their lettered and numbered designations their fame spreads haltingly.

Several ingenious poets have tried their best in spite of this condition. They have gone to work exactly as if the vessels were adequately named. Here is a verse printed in the London "Spectator":

Names that bring cheer with them—
 Ships of the line
 Long may you steer with them,
 Daring "Eg"
 Though but a number now,
 Yours shall be
 Blest where you slumber now,
 Gallant "D5!"

This is humorous or pathetic, as you prefer. But it is not poetry. Neither is the following translation, wherein Hanns Heinz Ewers, the Berlin novelist, hymns both Zeppelin and submarine:

England is beaten in breeze and brine,
 Her crown is in fragments; the world is free.
 Queen of the waters shall float U9,
 King of the air shall ride Z3.

Possibly, war verse being as it is, the heroes of the underwater fleet are resigned to their fate. But history and the future have some claims. If Jason had sought the Golden Fleece in the A1, and Nelson had died on the deck of the V3, and Captain John Paul Jones had commanded nothing more than the BR, what would the school books have to celebrate and imaginations to feed on?

The Conning Tower

STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE.

When I was a tot, then I read such rot
 As Little Bo-Peep and Jack Horner;
 My only ambition and my warmest wish
 Was to write for The Children's Corner.

When I was a youth, (now this is the truth)
 I'd burn the midnight taper
 Like the rest of the gang, and let homework hang,
 To write for the high-school paper.

And now at this date it is my fate
 To dope out stuff by the hour;
 And when I am through, as others do,
 I send it off to the Tower.

And when at the end of this mortal blend,
 (Now this is a trifle solemn)
 I know that I'll land where one never gets
 Canned—
 And that's in the obit. column.

CHICOT.

It was Mr. Carnegie's birthday the other day and Mr. Edison sent him some greetings. "Go on talking," he said, or w. to that. Mr. Edison is, believe him, a busy man; but any man that has time to give superfluous advice can't be so frightfully busy.

Mr. Carnegie, we have a notion, will go on talking for publication; and so will Mr. Edison. On Art, Literature and Music. Mr. Carnegie was a shrewd business man; and Mr. Edison is, in his own considerable and momentous line, the world's greatest. But the published opinions of Messrs. Carnegie and Edison on Art, Literature and Music—which are what they generally talk about—are not, to our bigoted and constricted mind, worth a whoop in South Gehenna.

THE FIRST AND SECOND PERIODS.

(George B. Underwood in the New York Press.)
 "Army 20, Navy 0. We have met the enemy and they are ours!"
 Flash the glad tidings, you victory-saluted soldiers of the shore, shouting and sparkling through the night to gladden the heart of some bundle of yours up yonder on the rim of the world where Old Glory flutters defiance to the Frost King, and the Northern Lights wave in the magic, mystic mazes of their fairy dances across the cold, violet-blue Alaskan sky.
 "Army 20, Navy 0!" Send the sad tale, you sorrowing sailors of the sea, waiting on the wings of the windless to that meadow of yore where you await your message on the deck of the mighty man-of-war rocking idly there on the turquoise, tropic waters over which the Southern Cross swings languorously in the velvet blue of the Luzon heavens!

Maisie, in Henry James's "What Maisie Knew," was far ahead of her day. "Maisie," we quote, "also for a moment looked at his shoes, although they were not the pair she most admired, the laced 'yellow' uppers with the patent-leather complement."

ACCORDING TO HURLE.

Sir: Would it spur your day to loin that, when Larry Durle comes to Brooklyn, and visits his favorite restaurant on Hurt street, he doesn't eat ursters at all, but orders soft buried eggs?
 RICHMOND HILL.

Vivienne, you may have observed, may be writing the advertising copy for the — baths. "Go there after the ball tonight," it reads. "You will feel like a brick in the morning."

The Sabbath Day.

(By Miss Mary Ann O'Brien, of Watervliet, N. Y.)
 And of intoxicating liquor
 They must not drink to excess.
 For no one ever saw a respectable hog
 Laying in such a mess.

But these critics as a rule
 Will spend the best hours of the Lord's day in bed,
 Then when they dress and eat their meals
 Vile books and papers will read.

Then they have enough to do
 To get ready in time for church.
 And if they have a new dress or hat on
 How solemnly they will march.

And if for the services they are late
 It is all the better for them.
 For then they stand a better show
 To attract the attention of the men.

But no man but a fool will marry
 A lady that is in the habit of coming into the church
 When she is late.
 If she has no love for her creator
 Her husband she soon will hate.

Now I have it on the best of authority
 That it is no more sin to dance no more than it is to
 "walk"
 Provided we act in such a manner
 As not to give people a chance to talk.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The esteemed East Liverpool, O., Tribune is there, or in the vicinage, with local dialectic color. It speaks of "Mr. Edmund Burke, the imminent Irish baritone."

Our thanks to the sportily anonymous contrib who sent us a copy of "The Wheels of Chance" at nine o'clock yesterday morning. The message with the gift brightens the whole week.

PLEASE SAY IT.

Sir: Oughtn't we poor contribs to have something to say about an eleven-game w. s.?
 CONTRIBS. INC.

She learned aviation in German and is an accomplished linguist.—Evening Journal.
 High German, obviously.

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA," OR STRAPS FOR WOMEN.

Sir: Speaking of getting a seat in the subway, my trouble is that I am always offered one. Whenever I get on a car, intending to travel but a short distance, say from 33d street to Grand Central, some man gets up and offers me a seat. I would prefer to stand. If I sit, I'll have to get up again before I have my party-box, sheet of MSS., box of candy, magazine, etc., settled in my lap; and will have to readjust them all under my arm anew, to say nothing of whacking my hat on the arm of the gent of the O. S. who forced me into the seat. This anti-suffrage courtesy is a terrific bore. The man arises and offers his seat. You protest that you prefer to stand—and you mean it. He repeats the offer, acting as though you must be mistaken about what you want. He knows what you want. Then, if you still refuse, the other passengers take a party-box, sheet of MSS., box of candy, magazine, etc., settled in my lap; and will have to readjust them all under my arm anew, to say nothing of whacking my hat on the arm of the gent of the O. S. who forced me into the seat. This anti-suffrage courtesy is a terrific bore. The man arises and offers his seat. You protest that you prefer to stand—and you mean it. He repeats the offer, acting as though you must be mistaken about what you want. He knows what you want. Then, if you still refuse, the other passengers take a party-box, sheet of MSS., box of candy, magazine, etc., settled in my lap; and will have to readjust them all under my arm anew, to say nothing of whacking my hat on the arm of the gent of the O. S. who forced me into the seat. This anti-suffrage courtesy is a terrific bore. The man arises and offers his seat. You protest that you prefer to stand—and you mean it. 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